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Bumble Bee (Ariz.) is a buzzing town if its daily budget of gossip published in the Prescott Journal-Miner can be used as a criterion.

"Roosevelt will run," reads a headline in the Yuma Sun. And can it be possible that Teddy has encountered the tracks of a real live bear?

"Bisbee plays Douglas at home," runs a headline in the Bisbee Miner. If there's any truth in that homely old proverb, Bisbee won the game.

The merchant who doesn't know that advertising is an investment and not an expense doesn't know anything about the science and efficacy of publicity.

Despite the many rumors there is no curtailment in the length of the bucket brigade and the same old familiar faces continue to run the hills at every change of shift.

And there is no cessation of building operations in Globe. New houses are going up in every part of the city and the local Valley yards are a veritable beehive of industry.

There never was a time in the history of the city when real estate was worth more than it is today, and there never will be a time when it can be bought for a lower price.

"Globe feels the copper slump. A number of Slavonians have already been let out," announces the Tucson Citizen in boxcar head letters. My, Oh me! Had you missed 'em?

Of course, the grading of Broad street, between Cedar and Mesquite, is going to put the property owners on the east side "up in the air." Alderman Murphy has demonstrated that from the start.

A real newspaper mirrors the everyday life of the city in which it is published. The pictures are not of the newspaper's making, but are accurate reflections of the movements of the masses.

Tempe is organizing a brass band, and fearful lest the entire town might show a disposition to go on a toot, the city lawmakers got busy and adopted a stringent Sunday and midnight closing ordinance.

The ability of the Elks to raise approximately \$12,000 in twelve hours for the purpose of erecting a new home for the order demonstrates pretty forcefully that there are no crimps in the local money market.

A Phoenix paper concedes to the nation the right to do as it pleases, and raise the tariff to foot the bills. Under our form of government, young man, there is no other alternative. The constitution guarantees liberty and provides for taxation.

Bisbee girls should abandon the idea of skipping off after new fangled culinary gods and confine their talents to the time-honored and revered flapjack and hogwallow gravy of the good old days when pa was a prospector.

And the Phoenix Gazette continues to tell us that Arizona will profit greatly as a result of that conference between President Roosevelt and Governor Kibbey. Well, come to think of it, New Mexico seems to have profited immensely by the conference between the president and former Governor Hagerman—which was also a very exclusive affair.

Alhambra, Ariz., women have signed a petition outlining a statement that they have no objection to a "decent" saloon being established in that place. The supervisors may find it something of a problem to give them exactly what they want. It will be remembered that the church people of New York fell down in an effort to conduct a "decent" saloon.

The territorial papers engaged in the unholy avocation of publishing gross fabrications regarding alleged business conditions in Globe are not injuring this city in the least directly, but are doing a great harm to the territory in general. As a matter of fact, business conditions in Globe were never on a more safe and sound basis. The mines are all operating full forces, merchants report undiminished sales, and bank statements show increased deposits.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

Globe has been so busy with the real stern straight-out cold-blooded business pursuits of life that, until during the past year but little attention has been given to civic improvements and the making of the city beautiful.

Her permanency established as a mining metropolis and natural commercial and industrial center, the people are now disposed to take up the work of real home-building, which means something more than a bare house to live in, and their commendable endeavor in that direction should meet with encouragement.

The city in grading the streets and extending light and water facilities has taken the initial step in the creating of the Greater Globe, and with a strong, active chamber of commerce working in harmony with the municipal legislative body, much along the line of general improvements can be accomplished.

But the real city beautiful is the task of the individual property owner—the permanent resident. On him devolves the duty of artistic and tasteful decoration. Every condition here is favorable to the cultivation of grasses, the growing of shade trees and the nourishing of bright colored and fragrant flowers, while semi-tropic fruits will flourish as alfalfa in the valley. Beautiful—even palatial—residences are springing up in endless number, but they will stand as barren monuments to vanity and evidences of "vulgar wealth" in the absence of grasses, trees and flowers, the elements that go to make up the ideal home; and it is the magnetism of the ideal home that brings contentment and attracts municipal growth by its inviting aspects. Globe is the recognized mining city of Arizona and with her picturesque hills and surrounding mountain slopes can be made one of the most beautiful and attractive home cities in the southwest.

Knocking the New Mexico fair will not build up the Arizona exposition. It simply shatters interest and confidence in fairs in general. Put up your hammers, gentlemen of Phoenix.

Uncle Maoney offers a reward of \$100,000 for the recovery of his niece, the beautiful Miss Helen. If reports be true the young lady is not very hard to catch.

A TIT FOR TAT GAME

The Burlington railroad has issued orders to all employees not to recognize requests for information from the Nebraska railroad commission and the commission has retaliated by ordering the investigation and probably the prosecution of General Manager Holdredge. The commission charges the road with having turned in a false list of passholders. The other railroads in the state are backing the Burlington, while the state officials are supporting the commission and Governor Sheldon may call an extra session of the legislature to pass harassing freight-rate legislation. The railroads have obtained a temporary injunction from the federal court preventing the commission from reducing the rates on grain. The commission will start a multiplicity of hearings on rates on commodities other than grain. And is it any wonder there is a sharp slump in railroad stocks. The fool-killer missed the opportunity of his life when he invaded Kansas and gave Nebraska the go-by.

Of course, that basket of Arizona dates will give no offense to the president; but it wasn't a fair shake for the farmers of the valley. Governor Kibbey should have taken along a bale of alfalfa—the near to nature newly discovered nourishment for nobility.

About the time the people had decided they had a great sufficiency of a good thing, Mr. Roosevelt intimates that he might be persuaded to try for a third term. And this seems to be another Bryan-borrowed idea.

The Hartje case was just sandwiched in at this time to keep the headlines going until the Thaw case is called in December.

Nor do the revised football rules appear to have depressed the courtplaster market.

TO TRADE IN BARODA

One of the most intelligent and progressive rulers of India not subject to British oversight is the Gaekwar of Baroda, who visited this country last year and studied with care our universities and industrial plants. When he returned he took with him as economic advisor a liberally educated, aggressive young American. The Gaekwar now is letting it be known that American manufacturers may do a large and substantial business in his realm, and that American residents will be welcomed and given valuable concessions and monopolies for a term of years if they will come and invigorate the industrial and commercial life of his people by their methods and by their personalities. May American manufacturers and pioneers be found who will seize this opportunity as Germans would if given the chance.

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT AND THE DRAMA

Those good people who were shocked at "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "Man and Superman," yet sat through "The Hypocrites" without a tremor, must realize, if they will but analyze their emotions, that they have mistaken prudery for modesty. They have a marked preference for a conventional fracturing of the Seventh Commandment rather than a bald presentation of a sociological problem.

The tearing to tatters of this special one of the laws proclaimed by Moses has indeed become so common to the modern drama as to be somewhat monotonous. When not presented in all its crude and disgusting details, it still forms the crux of three-fourths of the most popular plays. Its changes have been played upon until the music of the stage has become as a lute with a single string.

Even in so simple a bit of comedy as that of "The Girl Who Has Everything," it was necessary to lug in an attempted bit of salacious scandal to hold the interest of the public, and the play that presents a really clean and innocent story, free of the open betrayal of womanhood or of the nastier suggestiveness of the Olga Netherstone and Virginia Harned dramas, is almost an oddity.

Just now New York is testing two so-called "morality" plays, a modern adaptation of the name to immorality mixed with a generous portion of church doctrine. Henry Arthur Jones, author of "The Hypocrites," is guilty of one which was originally called "The Galilean's Victory," but for fear of offending the church this was changed to "The Evangelist." It will be seen that the only fear of offense to acute sensibilities was in the name—not the matter.

Written in "a mood of piety," it is expected to attract the congregations of the churches who, if they can sit through it unhorrified, certainly having become familiar with the face, can have no reason not to endure, then embrace, Bernard Shaw.

The climax is reached in the confession of the wife of a wealthy manufacturer who has induced an eloquent young evangelist to hold a series of meetings to bring to the true faith her husband's employees. She had broken the Seventh Commandment.

The pious companion-piece to this is Edwin Milton Royle's "The Struggle Everlasting," which involves the familiar Commandment in the intricacies of a conflict between Body, Mind and Soul. The first scene is in a college hall and from there it shifts to the New York Tenderloin. It is a sort of "boldly religious" effort to Sudermannize this same hackneyed subject.

These are but examples not essentially different from "The Sign of the Cross," of the effort by using the symbolism and machinery of religion to gain for the theater the patronage of the church. It is a borrowing of the livery of heaven to win the almighty dollar.

But the substance is the same and here, as in the "secular" drama, it seems necessary to overwork the Seventh Commandment, as though no other situation held enough of dramatic possibility to feed a jaded public taste. It must arouse the student's wonder as to why Shakespeare was expurgated for modern audiences and Beaumont and Fletcher relegated to the shelves as immodest.

The Arizona Democrat states that the "autoists seem to think electric wire poles were put up to stop their cars with." A regiment of hobbling, maimed pedestrians throughout the country will scarcely concur in the opinion.

"The summer now is past and gone, no more we'll have to mow the lawn," sings a Phoenix scribe. But why give way to a flow of soul; it's almost time to shovel coal?

"Government by commission" as advocated by eastern civil reformers may be all right; but it's a safe wager that the people are better acquainted with government by omission.

The Arizona Gazette must be looking for a modern political Moses. In a sad, anxious tone, it asks: "Who is to lead?"

HERR BEBEL COMING

Herr Bebel, the able leader of the German Social Democratic forces, and a man of conceded intellectual ability and parliamentary prestige, comes to study Americans next year. He will find the Germans of this country ultra conservative in their Catholicism and Lutheranism, stiff in opposition to all state interference with personal rights, and aligned in the main with the conservative political forces of the country. Americans sometimes say they are a liberal, progressive nation, whereas the fact is that in much of their thinking, in their forms of government, modes of taxation and in their attitude toward experiments in social legislation they are one of the most conservative people in Christendom.

Doctor Montezuma and Chief Mickyfee

By GEORGE LORANDO LAWSON

Out of the west there have come many strange stories, but none, I venture, stranger in its ending than this one from the distant military post of Fort Apache, Arizona. It is a story of the meeting of two captives thirty-five years after captivity.

Wassaja (pronounced Was-sa-ha, and meaning beckoning, signaling, motioning; also used for beacon light and signal light) was the name of one, and Mickyfee of the other. The first was born a Pinal Apache on a very inaccessible plateau of Superstition mountain, while Mickyfee (originally Michael Fee) claimed a birthplace in a well populated city of Indiana and was Irish in looks and Irish in parentage. These two became playmates in 1871, following a raid of the Pinal Apaches on a camp of miners in Sonora, Mexico. As was the custom of these wild mountain Apaches, the massacred all in the camp excepting this one youngster, Mickyfee, then about eight years old. Mickyfee was blessed with a wonderful shock of red hair. Such hair was a curiosity to these Indians, who had seen little else than the straight, stringy black of their own race, and Mickyfee was regarded much in the same way that the Indians once regarded an insane person: a thing to be spared or the wrath of the Great Spirit would descend upon the tribe.

So Mickyfee with his curly hair was taken into the camp of the Apaches and treated as a child of the tribe. But he was also considered a part of the spoils of the raid, and as was their custom after a successful one, the Indians drew lots upon their return to the village upon Superstition Mountain. Mickyfee became the spoils of Wassaja's father, who in turn made him over to his son, then a child of only four years. This transfer made them play mates. Wassaja the captor, and Mickyfee, the Hoosier Irish boy, the captive. Wassaja was too young to appreciate the powers of a captor and Mickyfee, blessed with as sunny a disposition as his hair was red, made the best of the situation as captive and joined in the primitive childish play as though born to it.

The Companions Separated

But on a day when the men of the Pinal Apaches were away to a distant military post to sign a treaty of peace, the Pimas descended on this mountain village and wiped it from the face of the plateau. This ended the boyhood companionship of captor and captive; for Wassaja, who was too young to care for himself in the confusion, was taken a Pima captive, while Mickyfee used his stout legs to good purpose and escaped with a number of squaws through a little known pass that gave egress from the village on the rocky side of the plateau. The Pinal Apaches have charged the United States soldiers with the treachery of inciting the Pimas to make this raid while the warriors were

away to sign the peace treaty. They further charged at the time that some United States soldiers led the raiding party. There seems to be considerable evidence supporting this belief. The Pimas on occasions have even boasted of their soldier leaders on this particular raid.

The two playmates were now both captives; but their destinies were vastly different. The Pimas soon sold Wassaja to Charles Gentile, a venturesome pioneer of the photographing art among the tribes of the southwestern Indians; and the Indian captive was transported to the white civilization of the east, where he grew up in the companionship of white children and received with them the same advantages in education. No such good fortune came to the red-headed Hoosier captive. Like their enemies, the Pimas, the Pinal Apaches bartered their captives if they happened to be Indian children; but not so with children of the white race. These were usually massacred, together with the men and women. They had spared the Irish boy because of his hair, and it was also his hair that ever afterward kept Mickyfee their captive.

So while Wassaja was growing up in white man's ways and habits, Mickyfee was taking on all the aboriginal ways of the Pinal Apaches. Through a score of years or more Wassaja assimilated civilization under the protection of Charles Gentile, and then had some more years of rubbing up against the world in his chosen profession. Finally thirty-five years had elapsed, and he had now become all white, so far as talk, dress and ways of doing things. He abhorred the slack ways proverbial among the Indians, and unlike many educated Indians had no wish to return to the ways of his race. But deep in his heart he longed for a glimpse of his people. This longing grew into something akin to homesickness, until finally he made a visit to Superstition mountain.

The Prodigal's Return

Wassaja's visit there was something of a sensation from an aboriginal standpoint. His people had mourned him in the happy hunting ground of his race. So when he turned up in the person of Dr. Carlos Montezuma, a practicing physician of Chicago, there was no end of rejoicing and feast making. There were no grinning skeletons at the feast in his honor, although he then learned that his father and mother were both dead; yet it placed no damper on the festivities, for he had been taken captive too young to have any clear recollection of them. But there was one at this feast-making who was as

good as a ghost to the guest of honor. A tall, lanky, red-haired Irish Indian entered late during the feasting, and Wassaja's memory turned back instantly to his childhood playmate, Mickyfee; and so he later proved.

"Hello, Mickyfee! Don't you remember me?" saluted Wassaja, now Dr. Montezuma.

"Quien sabe," replied Mickyfee, with a look that showed clearly that he could not understand him.

After several such ineffectual attempts, an interpreter, bridged the difficulty, and Mickyfee's face lighted up grotesquely with recognition through the hideous daubs of paint.

The situation was uncanny. Here was a full-blooded Indian and a type Irishman in features, both of whom were unable to converse in their native languages. Wassaja, the full-blooded Apache, could talk only the native language of Mickyfee, the red-headed Irishman, and Mickyfee could converse only in the native language of Wassaja, the Pinal Apache Indian. Each of them had lost his mother tongue.

Another similarity in this losing of one's identity in the habits and customs of another race was their dress. Wassaja was dressed in white man's attire, as became his bringing up in the thirty-five years of separation from his people. But with Mickyfee it was distinctly a reversion of type to the original, he thought and everything else. He was decked out more Indian-like than any full-blooded member of his adopted tribe. In fact, he was the only one of the tribe still adhering to the dress of the blanket Indian—the blanket, the moccasins, the paints and the wadded ornaments were all there on his resplendent person. He squatted in this feast in a many-hued blanket hung from a pair of broad shoulders and wrapped loosely about him; his shock of vivid hair fell untidily below his shoulders and was bound with a ball of red calico that encircled his forehead; his face was almost black from exposure to the sun, and was hideously daubed with ochre and native vegetable paints; verily, he had become a red-headed Irish Indian in his thirty-five years of captivity.

"Why do you not dress as other Indians do?" asked Dr. Montezuma pointing toward the assembled feast makers.

"I am too old," replied Mickyfee through an interpreter. "To take on white man's ways. They make me look like a fool," pointing to his fairer tribesmen; "but not so is Mickyfee."

If you visit this counterfeiter Indian, just visit Fort Apache on rainy day. There you will find him drawing his rations as snugly as any Indian. And if you were to question his right to government rations and made known to him through an interpreter as an Indian agent once did, they will come to his face as malicious look as was ever given to an Apache in colored picture books.

Water Competition Forced S. P. Reduction

A STATEMENT BY MR. DUNNE

A statement has recently been made by Peter F. Dunne, general attorney for the Southern Pacific company, relative to the recent investigation made at San Francisco by the interstate commerce commission relative to reduced rates made to certain shippers by the Southern Pacific company. Mr. Dunne's statement robs the story of this incident of many of the sensational features portrayed in the newspaper accounts of the hearing and clearly shows that the reductions were prompted by competition within the state of California, and were not to influence or control interstate commerce business.

"I understand, generally, that the purpose of the hearing just concluded was to inquire into rates on California state business as made by the Southern Pacific company with a view to determining whether any concessions or refunds were paid in order to influence interstate business."

"When the hearing opened I suggested to Commissioner Lane that the records of the Southern Pacific company as to the state business were not a subject of inquiry, since not within the provisions of the interstate commerce law. The commissioner replied that the purpose in examining the state list was to determine whether they had been made the medium through which concessions were extended to interstate shippers for the purpose of controlling interstate traffic. It did appear that in some instances, explained by the witnesses as being without any intent to depart from the law, a few shipments had moved from or to a point in Nevada to or from California points. But this Nevada point was Verdi, about four miles across the California state line, and it was a lumber point of a California industry which had several other points of production and manufacture in the region, all California, and with those points Verdi, being just across the line, would naturally be grouped. The substantial inquiry, therefore, as I understand it, was whether the California state rates were subject to certain concessions in order that interstate business might be controlled."

"The rates to the Union Ice company were made in order to meet local competition. The same thing was illustrated by reduced rates made to packing houses on rail hauls of eight or ten miles, in order to meet team competition. The result of the proof was that the refunds from the state rates as printed were made because of local conditions to meet local competition and without reference to interstate business. Indeed, only one witness testified that he was 'prejudiced' to give an interstate haul on wool because of a refund on a state rate, but on further examination the same witness admitted that local rate was compelled by team and water competition."

"It was testified by the representative of the Illinois Glass works that the refund on the state rate on sand was made originally to meet the competition on sand from Belgium, and that subsequently a reduction in the state rate was made in order to meet competition by water from Marysville. It was also testified by Mr. Schwabacher of the Florissant Pulp & Paper company, that a rate was made to his company on oil for the purpose of meeting the competition of wood fuel, and that if such rate had not been made on oil he would have used wood from his own timber land and the transportation would have been lost to the railroad."

"The rate to the Associated Oil company was shown by the testimony of Mr. Scribner to have been made as a result of local competition; and it was shown generally by the witnesses, and there was no substantial contradiction, that these refunds upon state rates, arising as they did out of the competitive conditions, were granted to all shippers under similar circumstances and conditions."

"If there was any attempt to show by the shippers themselves that the Southern Pacific company was indulging in favoritism by a system of secret rates, the attempt broke down."

"Mr. John C. Stubbs, assistant general freight agent, was also sworn as a witness, and to the extent that he had

Valuable Witness Barred

"So far as the state rates are concerned, which had not been covered by the testimony of Mr. John G. Stubbs, the Southern Pacific company offered testimony of its general freight agent, Mr. G. W. Luce, who was familiar with these rates, and by whom it was often to be shown that those rates were made as the result of local competition with the state, water competition and otherwise, and that they were extended to all shippers under similar circumstances and conditions. It was not believed that there would or could be any objection to the testimony of Mr. Luce, as such, as the commissioner, as already noted, had preface this inquiry with a statement that the fairer way of proceeding was to permit all parties concerned to make explanation, in the course of the inquiry, of anything contained in the documentary evidence which called for explanation. The commissioner declined to permit Mr. Luce to be sworn as a witness upon the ground that he might possibly gain publicity thereby in the event that any subsequent proceedings should result as a consequence of the inquiry, but stated that if Mr. Luce desired to make a statement, not under oath as a witness, the commissioner would hear it. It was then pointed out to the commissioner that Mr. John G. Stubbs had been sworn as a witness and had testified in part concerning the state rates, and that therefore it was only just that Mr. Luce, as to the remainder of those rates which called for explanation, should, in like manner, be sworn as a witness, so that the Southern Pacific company as well as the commission might have the benefit of that testimony in the event that any subsequent proceedings were contemplated, but the commissioner declined to permit Mr. Luce to make any explanation under oath as a sworn witness on the inquiry and proceeding. The result was that as to those rates concerning which Mr. Luce could have made explanation the case was left in the air."

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knowledge of the California rates testified that they were made because of local conditions to meet local competition, and further, that these reduced rates on local shipments were granted to all shippers under the same circumstances and conditions.

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"It should be understood that the company made no secret of these rates from the commission or any of its inspectors, and that the papers were on the files of the company with no attempt at their concealment, and the commission and the inspectors were given unrestricted access to them. It is true that the shipments on these rates were bay-billed at original printed rates, and that the difference between the printed rates and the rates as reduced by local competition was paid on a refund voucher. But it was explained at the hearing that in many instances notably in case of water competition it was not desirable that the water competitor know the exact rate at which the railroad was carrying the freight, and for this reason the rate itself was worked out through a refund. This element of refund from the printed rate which had been caught at by the present inquiry sensational."

Local Competition Reduced Rates

"Speaking generally, and so far as the California rates were explained at all, it was proved that any concessions from the rates as they had been originally printed, were made because of local